

Healing Touch

by MGoldDustWoman

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Summary: Mike is in jail, the firm is destroyed, so is Harvey. But she's there and when they touch everything seems possible.

Healing Touch

"_How the faces of love have changed turning the pages? I have changed, oh, but you - you remain ageless". - Fleetwood Mac - Crystal_

Mike is in jail now. He left him there two hours ago and wondered through the city, feeling lost, his steps echoing New York City's sidewalks. The firm is destroyed - they'll have to rebuild it from its foundations - but even his foundations are broken.

He can't stay in his condo, so he walks to the oh so familiar building, greets the security man, steps into the elevator and presses fifth.

One foot in front of the other, he's getting closer to his office and hears the familiar sound - one of his father's records. He stops at the door and she's there. She has a glass on her right hand - the left one leaning against the window - and is gazing the New York sky, dressed in light blue.

- Your glass is on the table. - she says. Her voice husky from crying.

He looks at her from behind. Her red locks burn even in the dark. She's so tiny - her huge heels are off, thrown in the corner - so delicate; she's fourteen years older than when they met but she seems to gracefully run away from the hands of time. Her waist is small, her hips make a soft curve, then meet her strong elongated legs. He also loves her hands - her touch, even more; even though they don't touch and he's so tired of it.

- Thank you, Donna.

He takes a sip and joins her on the window - his arm circling her waist, and she rests her head on his shoulder. It's the first time they get this close in years, and it feels so natural.

- What are we going to do now, Donna?

- Start over.

- What's left?

- Us. All of us.

- I'll need you by my side now more than I ever needed.

- I'm not going anywhere. I love you, Harvey.

He detaches himself from her to refill her glass and instantaneously misses her warmth. He hands her her glass and, standing behind her, dives his hands through her hair - she trembles.

- You're the most beautiful woman I've known.

- Harv-

He pulls her hair to the side and his index finger traces the curve of her neck up to her collarbone, and he kisses her there. His hands travel to her waist, she leaves the glass on the windowsill and turns towards him, her arms sliding behind his neck, and they are dangerously close.

It's not something he does or she does first - they're suddenly meeting in the middle and their mouths are savoring each other. They both taste like scotch, but he found in her a hint of honey he recalls from the last kiss they shared.

It's unhurried - they have nothing else to do and nowhere better to go that night. It's also healing - suddenly the pain seems bearable and he thinks he'll be able to start all over.

They're so close to each other: their hands are touching everything they haven't in the last fourteen years. She moans softly into his mouth and he swallows it, holding her even closer, feeling her everywhere.

She sucks his bottom lip, he bites her softly, his hands go back to her dazzling hair and he pulls back from her mouth, their foreheads still touching - "I love you too, Donna".

Her head lands on his chest and she hears his heart race. It's dark and she doesn't see his legs trembling and a tear sliding down his cheek while Gordon lives through his soft music to be their soundtrack.

End
file.